

Breathing in the Ruins

Aching for love I get antiquity
confirmed,hear and see
the wind in grasses of rye
again,mid the spilled monuments

to our sexual race I strode through
in Greece and in Turkey,those
cakes of rock comprising once
mighty pillars. Hey!

Give me a break! Still
assembled I,more urgency
than ruin. Anxious thus
to prove out ardor plus: 0

how much better I,now,
than the prowling tiger
in the bloody jungle
he creates!

Ah you purr "So WARM!
and,so what?"

Management 101

Went to school
To a woman for

Feelings,a
Bitch.

Social Danger

Free your mind
but be careful
since it's true

ideas breed and
before you know

it you are mooning
one discriminating.

Mrs Marconi's Tubes

That's it, Marconi.
Too much is
Enough!

martyrs at a meeting

but we do MORE they cry and I
want to pay a proxy (way

you had someone take your place
in some [all?] our glorious wars)

to listen to this shit for me:
everybody with the rag

or PMS rammed
up collective
ass.

One Acquainted With the Bite

I know too many women
grading life as men

strual cramps,
and men.

Mental Fury

Relished flying
variously then clos-
ing by will

but I did see you
say, your lips,
Are you crazy?

And deflected,
unfit for hell.

A Tenant of Christianity

Thomas Merton, he
shortcircuited

in a Bangkok fleabag,
fan to blame
openandshut proof.
Jesus! Cartoon

flip for him you'd
think, but where
we're at's why

we can't stay: now, in truth,
it's something you don't cross
every day so therefore

what I wish to ask is how
you like your burnt-eyed boy,

Mr Door?

Possessed of fury
of mind I tried reaching through
nerves.

to previous years,
relishing
what sufficed.

I've abstracted now,al
most wordless,it's
a beautiful thing

you're dead
before you die.

Being Made Whole

The scene amends the
mind, one adjusts

the scene. Wry flowers
to laughs, inapt
spots.

Divorce

Do we come to find out
that we understand nothing ever, a model, metaphor,

so nothing?
So what? Let's

sustain it
in our model agreement.

High and Low

according to Auden and some divines it's
all of it a miracle,thus

Max Olifant professes
love for one,Louisa Gonch

while squirming
in the gaseous
uplift of his farts.

So,add them in their realistic beauty

to Romeo 'n the whole glori
ously fuckin bunch.

Gently Down

The eye amends
The scene
Amends

The mind

Amends
The eye,

Merrily
Merrily
Merrily
Merrily.

The ascension of the monkey

*makes heaven bananabright
mid leaping fronds defining
green forever.*

*Such chatterers know everything.
and haven't got a clue.*

Love cannot renew us
if we see it through.

Mopping Up

No trick to this grimy work but
when this place is finished'll
smell like The Fuckin Pines of Rome.

Hey,what can I say? I live
with this SLOB. Me. So,

what can I say? He's sweet;
I'm your basic prick
of chaos.

The Morgue--a Modern Refrain

Ask him
for your survey.
It's ole John Doe with
a tag on his toe, on his toe.

As him 'bout it then
you'll know how
cold your ass
with a tag

on your horny toe toe toe.

(Some words by BB King)

Though I believe
when you say what
you say you say,

"Nobody loves me
but my mother
and she could be jivin too."

This night

has a mournful continence.
I need my fat friend saying
Eat! for *Criiisakes*, 'n
fuck everybody!

Movieola

Near a carousel flinging mirrors
I whipped a handle to bare
langorous dancers.

It's all been cubed,
like everything,into

apartments, but first
the sledgehammering

of fatigued machines, photos
toppling off of tinted Princesses,

fairer zones ex
foliated by
cigarettes.

At any rate, the loitering
perverts no longer have to be
molested with immediacy

as they ply their seizing
trade in places more surreal.

The moon never checks in
on a new life.

The Invention of Music

From birds
through laughing

children;brush and trees
to streams and into lakes,
enabling light

to sound.

The Music Hall

turn of our trying boulevardier
as he struts and boasts and how

they taunt his randy hints and
preening ways,even pitching

a cabbage or two he
sniffingly ignores.

Ah but his stroll into the soft
ballad,and then,their shy
folding in,whispery

at first,but soon fullthroated,
chorus after chorus.

Bowing off to teary whistles and cheers:
the terrific game of it! More.

What Breathes in the Ruins

Aching for love I
I get confirmations

of antiquity.
Hear and see the wind in

grasses of rye mid
spilled monuments

to our sexual race I strode
through in Greece and in Turkey, those
cakes of rock comprising once
mighty pillars. Hey!

Give me a break! Still
assembled, more urgency

than ruin. Anxious thus
to prove out ardor plus: 0

how much better I, now,
than the prowling tiger
in the bloody jungle
he creates.

I know!: You purr "So WARM!"
and, "So WHAT?"

A Story

As rain swings the bridge to them,
a man rushes over it with a woman.

From a darkening mass of birches
into a vapor of images in

hurrying shapes, a straw cape
bent against gusts,
towards that bridge.

In your face

Dopplerian urban-pingpong,
infernally sustained: phoning
someone in this neighborhood,

getting sirens through her phone,
my window also.

Nevermore

Half-Baked
's Best,Hairy Bombast

Bucko
's Relevance Blab as
Bad as

Culture dribbling NOW
's UNIVERSAL INSIGHT-
BITE,GOD-

Awful bright and
So arriving
's no use.

Embrace

Shadows harrowing the stones,
we dream ourselves in breath,

as rushing clouds
exhale death
through sodden
leaves.

I'm History

on a fresh tear of
sadness,
so what is

the question?
Where can I touch
back? Some dull

edge at the first I
always want
to feel and need out

from harm's say, but
at the last gasp
ing another

powerful wedge.
Each is new n'

aint that the SCOUR-
ing charm, *Bon Ami?*

Ask a Newspaper Person

Darling I am going old...
Keep the tits above the fold.

Summing Up

And police still have no clues
in that mass rape in New Jersey,
or the probably unconnected ritual be

heading of a man on the hood of
his Cadillac El Dorado on that
very same street of horror, plus
the Government denies reports it

tested rat poison on ghetto children.
And so from all the News! Now!
Crew, have a *NICE!* Weekend.

Everything must be invented:

one can't pick one's nose
without being predated
by genius.

Another Note To Feminists

*Ah hah! snap
youseall,
you're STILL
not getting it!*

Oh God! you
can actually
TELL?

After Magritte's *This Is Not a Pipe*

This is not a poem. Its
shit's displayed, and bodi-
ly fluids splatter,

menacing you with
AIDS which IS!

one BigFUCK
inIDEA, so what

MORE you want,
hey, SecretSlut?

Numbers

- 1) hell, here they are
like to have their TITS
bounce for you.
- 2) *X that rammy shit!* key
LIBBERS, so what
- 3) 's left? the
BRAIN? STICK IT
- 4) up against (1)
- 5) and thus with old
Sam Johnson I refute Berkley.

One and Two

In the measliest life
Beauty won't rush past always,

but fall into your arms,
leaving everything
to you.

Recall the dance as slower,
the desert sifting back,
and in that trance

know love never entirely
dessicates,a trace
element when scanned.

A woman carries a baby

I carry an ordinary book
from New Haven and must
make something

of threats. The way we handle threats
treats of the inevitable.

The inevitable is unknowable by definition.
The unknowable is the ordinary represented by nothing.

There are departures,
and a final one which--
like everything--is cliché

till endured.
And then again cliché. It's
all of it ordinary.

October Night

Leaves gutter frosted
streets, your hair

doublecrossing
moonlight. Pumpkins seethe

mists that trees finger, black
wind sucking our traitorous breath.

Old Spice

*A Strap-Undershirt-Summer: broadcasting
aromas where-ERE I go.*

*"Who wuUZZZZZZZ that aro-
matic man?"*

One and Two

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Beauty won't rush past always,

but fall into your arms,
leaving everything
to you.

Recall the dance as slower
with the desert sifting back,
and in that trance

know love never entirely
dessicates,a trace
element when scanned.

Outside In

Answering menace we invent.
Love for one,courage for another.
Lust for both. What's

between us we
are joined against.

Are they still around,such raging foes?
question loses breath

The

in our so-revolving sweetness,
in our acid,dripping pain.

Pain

's no IDEA and thus
THEY don't help. But
thanks,and yup,'s
as y'insist:

I'll orchestrate the rite
encore,if only to get fresh
ly scored: one frisks in

haste,repairs at leisure
all past help. (Even psychological.)
"Only Spiritual Methods!" keen
another feverish few. Uh huh!

Here's my heart
and that's my hurry.

The Self Guided TourWelcome

to the Pain Retrospective.
To summarize: plenty of time

to fret or forgo. Again,
ample space,too,for an act
of forgiveness,for example,

as you almost nearly arrive
there. What continues to numb

is traveling always
over actual geography.

History

The air and I
had been pleasant
until the river

shouldered past,then crashed
the gorge. The water has
a pair of balls tonight,
I said. She answered

Why can't things stay nice?
Why do you eventually ruin them?

Something makes me stop
holding my breath
in time.

The Duty

Coffee's nice
so's the dozing other,
those shuttery summonses.

Perhaps things'll fold
in before we wear out,
the mail unwrap

vows kept. *Hold on, just...*
yesterday forewarned, mean

while the coffee's rich, the weather
discovers another aromatic way

outside, a cardinal brightens
the wind, slanting

trees dapple down along
the jogging ground. Flowers join

earth to sun. What do I
crave? Changes. All

bewilderingly changes.
What doesn't is the waiting

unerringly aspiring second of paradise
depending on this point.

Paradox Street

The more I reveal the less
you'll like me.

The more I reveal the more
you'll love me.

Growing Up--a Progression

Feeling justified
and yet sorry;

and then feeling not
so justified,

and more sorry,

and then feeling sorry
and worrying
about the whole CONcept

of justification,
and then wondering
what the fuck happened,

and then saying, how
can I reverse things?
the damage?

and then learning
that things might have
already begun reversing
despite you

And then holding out
for the nub:
Wasn't I right in part?

We all are.
We all are.

If you want a message
try Western Union.

The College Education

I played my Titian card.

"Titian? Titian?"

I'll do an Act of Contrition!"

Then choke on this Berlioz.

"I'd rather suck up No Doz."

Okay,okay,I'm taking this trick...

"You haven't got the dick!"

...with Giles Fletcher the Younger!

"Leave me launch a lunger."

"O isn't WIT! ultradisgustingly tiresome?"

the third party heard from leapt upon the table,
tore off her panties and then some.

Revolving: *"Get a good look you whores!*

Victoria's Secret is a cunt. Now're

we gonna play cards or fuck

around?" So we threw in.

The Patriots

In this poem's
no age or gender.

You'd be hard put
to know genitals

to play with, or which
ethnicity or race.

Hey! Politically Correct
or no, abortion up or down?
Try to fathom, Clown.

You can't! Oh you can scorn, or
be so bored you hear
your pipes corroding,

scream *Lemme out of this
lousy poem, so-called! --
the preciousness and drear
little antelope tropes.*

Good! Say it's shitty
at any rate

we're digging democracy
together.

Little Matters

The cashier protested
"I'm righthanded
and this setup's

for a lefty: *When I turn
things are not there."*

From Various Old Popular Songs

Why, Minnie, did you indeed mooch?
and, additionally, hoochie-COOCH?--
I don't know this latter term
but it vibes lowest-down lust

in the way I occasionally desire,
at any rate, you, Hanna of the Hard Heart,
how COULD you pour water on a drowning man,
even if it WAS in Savannah?

The heat can make us strange and
strained of course. But worst

worst worst, and not confined
to the female sex, re *Smoke
Gets in Your Eyes.* (Does

America

The pepper is pretty.
What I consume
I ruin.

From Various Old Popular Songs

Why, Minnie, did you indeed mooch?
and, further, hoochie-COOCH?--
I know not this latter term
but it vibes a low-down lust

in the way I occasionally desire
at any rate, you, Hanna of the Hard Heart.
How COULD you pour water on a drowning man,
even if it WAS in Savannah?

The heat can make us strange and
strained of course. But worst

worst worst, and not confined
to the female sex, re *Smoke
Gets in Your Eyes*. (Does it?
Has it? Jesus! Wow!) where

*laughing friends deride
tears I cannot hide* like?

Holy Shit! What kind of
fuckin friends are THEY?

And why hide your human sorrow?
(Please don't hide your human sorrow.
for how can I love you without it?)

Those American years break off, brittle in strife.
(*I knew a man he danced with his wife.*) I'm happy to be
living now with so much
truer pals, and with women

so much lovelier and tougher
that you'd better be awful
awful careful *hoochy-cooching* round THEM, amigo!

And as for that pouring water
routine, they Just. Wouldn't. Bother.

Isn't it funny what all they've put in songs?
Like love. Like love.

Please don't hide your human sorrow.
for how can I love you if you do?

Don't you know don't you know what each cloud contains?

Don't hide
your sorrow.
for how can I
love you?

Don't hide
your sorrow.
for I love you.

Don't hide.
I love you.

Isn't it funny
what we sing?

Isn't it funny how even I must ultimately say love?
Who've beat the shit from out of it and all else?
How we must come back to that?
Resolving to the vanishing

point

.

which vanishes
and remains?

What is Granted To Heros

I obtained the essential permission
from television commercials depicting
those behaving the way I do. Affirmed
to parents and friends what had been

arrived at through scouring thought
had finally been sanctioned.

My parents...need time for caution,
and eventually murmur they have agonized
about it...and are not sure--their generation.

My friends. My friends. Wry to their degenerate
cores, they laugh, of course, at my latest...
whatever, and one hisses *Don't you believe it!*

*Nothing's ever approved of. If they
see you thinking it is, then they zap
you with greater effectiveness.*

My generation. I don't know who to feel more sorry for.
At any rate, I'm going ahead now to nudge past
the commercials--no big deal--and yet I can physically feel
everyone, my colleagues at work too, just peeling away.

But isn't that how it has always been? You're not free
to make up your mind about much at any time

in any society, despite the round blather
of the identical historic documents--

though what you seize in this regard makes all the difference.
However, you must, realistically, pay.

To behave heroically is quite simple,
and amazingly small: you merely
acknowledge the price.

A Law

A piece in my head
makes a noise.

Unlike music,
unlike anything
I say...now.

The soul lacks a statute
of limitations.

Plastic Surgeons Buy BMWs

and you the other
spender in the glass

watching your cosmetic-
ally enhanced
or diminished

mouth

lipping

"a thing of beauty
is a jerk forever."

Answer Before Asked

Searching Plato I conclude
it's WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW(?)
Well I'm writing this 'n
thinking about what I just thought
while writing THIS right here! 'n...

Plato,he could say it
looks like a double-play,
though never unassisted,
but it aint: THIS! is.

FAMILIAR my radio PORTRAIT brain,more
 rayed against

than raying,affect
ing resonance
to evade
murder

.

Miscreant

towards the precincts
of desire I move,
having it in hand,

a badge of sorts. Anything
you whisper can be heard
against you, though evidence proves

it out
to be
only me.

Next time I can only wish
apprehension, my rites red.

Predictions More or Less Profound

Monday I'll move heaven
and earth and laundry.
Male, me, I've purchased ever

more socks and underwear.
HISTORY

will despise women
discarding *moi*
onto a filthy pile!

Some Prints of the Natural Numbers

In wind
the fir
seethes,

widening
to a fan
of selves,

focussing, keen
to explode.

The process is always

I express
hope then

it urges mate. Prayer
by grinding prayer, I, refined,
discover something smaller,

meaner,
closer

to me,
My God!

What the fuck you think
'bout THIS outcome?
Unexpected hey,
Asshole?

A Psychological Poem in 2 Parts

1--Healthy:

Trifles!

2--Sick:

Trifles!

Some Prints of the Natural Numbers

In wind
the fir
seethes,

widening
to a fan
of selves,

focussing, keen
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The process is always

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by grinding prayer, I, refined,
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meaner,
closer

to me,
My God!

What the fuck you think
'bout THIS outcome?
Unexpected hey,
Asshole?

Rainstreaks

down the window.
beads this tiny
satisfy.

Further,
it's forever
to a melancholy.

Manifesto

I got real work today
No time for fuckin
LIFE.

Keeping a Tradition

Hey hey,
the refusal to say.

Met it again yesterday.
We walked around

and around and around about
the same.

RegretzighHaddaFew...

(Bloom on Wallace Stevens)

tried to read
and read it,
can't though

in the margin some-
one puffs *Yes!*
after a lurking form-

ulation that'd bake a Don
or John Q's brains to what

avail I do not know; just
that I seem to miss
that olddddd feeling

after all such
circle jerks.

Symposium of Romance Novelists

What's t'
sympose?

Round

Faith believes
in nothing,

Hope waits
a day,

Charity gives
it 1/2 away.

Consider the old
man,give me
flowers. Stay

far from him he's
Queer. I hid
as cops swung in.

Well,he got
what we get
n' all 'cause...

Increments

Wreckage in the rear
view mirror, no time or

way to fix re
ceding as it is al-

ways.

The Compass

A sacrifice in order
to begin,

I put my hand
to it. Let it be?

Fine, but how grasp when
it commences

killing? Menac
ing this
life.

From a phrase of Cavavy

You'll always end up in this city
familiar cunt. The whore holds out

for promises so you vow.
More money, what else?

Your same pants on the same chair,

you stretch for your wallet
as if inventing a style.

The bills,at least,are new.
They cut your fingers.

You,are,believe it or not,alive
in this muffled room at the end
of a meretricious century. With
guts you'll start leaving

it in your pants
as a valid convention. Love

's an invention,Slug.
So move your ass
differently.

Where the World Isn't Too Much With Us

*This is as right as I can get it
knowing what I now know.*

thus the scholar in humility.

A quiet proclamation shows
the highest calling.

I've known some asses,lousy
to spouses or lovers,
queers nasty as
catshit,asexual
whores,back-
stabbers,
pimps,

but in the pages of books,
in penurious journals,
noble.

The Only Way

The Good Scholars
paw the givens
in order

to turn to
minds:Yours

a good one they say final-
ly believe us! Fuck em.

Note To the Sexually Correct

I'd rather hear a lame duck sing
than all the ohsofussy theories
denying Man's eMOOHtional needs
are anything but craving fucking.

At The Universal Bookstore

Ah yes, *Collected Plays*
and Poems of Shakespeare,
the distilled genius
of all the ages

of English Literature. Eleven
Hundred and Twelve Pages:
one dollar, work definitive

on jerking off, one
hundred pages neat:
forty-eight dollars.

Note your dong.
Whatever is is wrong.

The History of Change

how insidious
the notion
for a moment

its self
a shadow

of its
former
shelf.

The Shortcut

Times I gushed
 I didn't know
what else to do. So
now this incredible hulk,

guilt. Ignorance of

manners, and nerves
and lack of art embarrass

unless we forgive those
cops we shall
to ticket us.

That Old Sick Self

I'm SICK of myself!
Talk talk talk! Why
not just grab her?

Fire repayed or ice:
what's the bleedin
difference?

Sistine Revisited

What if Michaelangelo
said I'm beginning to see

the human form,
all forms really,
as planes to tilt

and as cubes
to revolve
to fit my view

and what I want
from color? Why
then we might've
gotten someone quite ordinari-

ly called Sal and not
savored his flavor,
therefore.

6 O'Clock News

Some chat of murder
after dinner
swirls into coffee,good

till the last dregs
if she's strangled
with her bra or excrement

gets smeared around.

KILROY
continues to be here,

making ALLAMERICA,
raping THEGIRLNEXTDOOR
before medals and report cards.

Jerking off
as they slow the avalanche
to show the agony.

Electronic hearsay
doesn't move us.

What could after all? The TV
runs on blood,I just run.

Sloppy,

I try disclosing
to a woman who
hardly knows

me. She, instead, whip
saws herself. Does
a flower affect

resonance?
Should it confess?

The Murder of Feeling Revised

used to smell of the lamp
but now with computers
it speaks of the bytes
out of technique
's tired ass

Did You Know a Snake Has Two Penises?

Listen, Honey...

Listen, Honey...

a floating day in early fallfor dagmar

the softest kiss,
lips touching
your hair

you will ache when
it brushes
a solitary leaf

When as Now

*In Spanish Drama of the Golden Age
the peasants were let in free
after the Third act. So what*

you think there, Jose and Eloisa, dumb
to what has heretofore decreed

the murder, the romance,
the suicide and marriage?

Do you find it harrowing or funny,
knowing shit

happens?

Bring your own spirits

invites the Peking Restaurant.
(Their Ancesters bringing theirs?) Sure'n
mine's olde Irish Charm (read lies). The Swede's dour face, plus
frozen bone, and ice

balls. The voluble Italian's perpetually
smarting pride. The Jap his pussy
team, sucking collective ass to save

collective face. Ze Kraut exhorting *Vork! and zen*
ve can BOOZE und put on yuh voman's undervears und dance

togethers, no?
What do I know?
Who leads?

The Witnesses

Picking up a squirrel's skull
in a rainy graveyard above
Helvetia, West Virginia, what

should I think? Mortality,
according to the literature,
but how clean

this afterdeath, how picked
and small and bleached and pure
as any brilliant plate

uncrazed, quickest light silvering
our actual, livid faces.

Impossible Answers

If I've forgiven
and I have
long ago,

then how come
it still hurts?

I inform my friends
they're *USA TODAY'S*
of psychobabble;they,

in turn,file countersuits
alleging that the statute
of limitations counts and
I therefore **MUST** be happy.

Some have themselves unearthed
faith through lust or a someone

answering to Christ. I'm glad
for them 'n'all,hunting
a cave myself.

Every step's
into the future--
cliche I know,

so? Goddamn a mood
since pearblossoms bloom
up and down State St.

Night, Stonehenge, Us
tumbling through
a Druid eye at
solar carnival.

Storyville Piano Academy

Elegant whore-
houses had Professors tinkling
their jellyrolls, which
is evidently why
God made them.

Connecting the Dots

When we met
(not as cliché as the words)
well, I had formed a picture,

graph, rather, too scattered
to be coy.

It evolves, at each point

becoming new
ly imperative.

SUN

's a surpris-

ing bugger

not supposed
to come round
and he does

saying HERE!
you un

de

serv

ing

FUCKERS!

It takes talent to write trash

from review of beach books. Agree, but
I've got THIS far without all THAT

much. So how'bout *She spun to me*
wearing a look ordinarily
reserved for Mongoloid babies?

OR? *As the vile hours emptied*
the shapes of night

mares bled through
his gritty days?

OR? *The trees quivered*

like affrighted spaniels
in the drifting folds
of the Sultan's saffron robe? "How RANK

and how CLICHE this USA!"
sniffed McGoon, the last man
left, balls like coconuts.

"Men!" spat Moira, "Men!" twisting
her cigarette into dead Harold's navel.

*The brute wind
upholds the brightest oriole
by whim of God!--NOW! NOW!*

can't noOH!body move the indolent
angels to chorus one mighty fuckin chord?

Forget it cuz falling back through all
of this deep purple I just KNOW
I've GOT! IT! the TALENT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

i'm not

talking
,yes

-ter
day
des-
TRUCT
ive

Talk Show News

Rocker blew himself fuckin
away, 'n

he never had nuttin
t'say. 'n

there's, like, nuttin what
ever t'say
t'day.

So they're say
in it.

Tantric

uncovers my "*light*
wand, "hmmm...desired more

wavelength
but my friends are all *co*
dependent and working on

advising every
body to go fuck itself,
fluorescently

equipped or no,
while analysts invent new
credentials for all this
old intriguing:

New Age.
Get Layed.

Stars

churning
wry flowers,rain

drops scatter
the eye

happens.

The Desire of The Mirror

Things at their quickest
oh yes it's living

life hot, but don't we think
and feel and intend in
ignorance? Better, patience whose

cure's too slow it just can't be
waited on? shouldn't, at any rate
what can you expect? Dreams

slide you a break,
cryptic devices
in grave ice.

Reciprocal

Li Po, tipsy
in his boat,
hugged

the moon with
in the lake.

Drowned. We become
what we embrace.

Present Inferno

I hope you're all fuckin
satisfied. All this slop
about FEEEEEE-lings has made

the men into women. (*Between us
girls* being the widest phrase
on the planet.) Is it any wonder

we get off midway
in the dark wood thumping
our tomtoms?

The Infinite Encore

I wanted truth to be
true and there it
goes again.

Uniting Opposites

The easy thing to say
is the way

to live--no fuss.
Pity poor Hamlet
and us.

At the University

Strutting memorial stones
a pigeon fantails between
boy scholars untrue

to anything
might take looking into,

girls aswing with a something
nothing can propound,bi-
cyclists boring under

the latest shit
on man falling
out the window.

The Competition

When the wind turned,your
scrawny craft uppercut,
how come

you didn't feel it
earlier? The cues
eternally there in
water and air,angles

of the sun,vapory
intimations,sounds
before beginning,

the wrench
ing solitary
cloud,your lover

's eyes gnawing
the moon.

Loose Lips

0 patterns of inbit adolescence
overheard: *Do that again I'll bust
your motherfuckin' head!*

etc.;back in my own cheap stretch:
You're cruisin' for a bruisin'--

how it briefs us
re adult life,
the menace softer
in sound only

USA

Exalted country where
whores take credit

cards. All
sorts.

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